



# Taken



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## Chapter 1 by thefluffyone

There were twelve of us in the beginning.

Me, Amber, Gwen, Mariah, Ali, Bryson, Trystan, Noah, Gavin, Arian, and Rowen.

Until they took us.

In the beginning I knew none of them.

Except for Noah, I mean. He's my little brother.

I'm 14. He's 12.

We're both too young to be taken.

But we were.

It was a Friday evening, right before dinner.

## Chapter 2 by Phantim



We were saying our Shabbat Prayers. For us the Sabbath, a day of rest starts. It is supposed to be a holy day... a day of peace. But it was anything but.

"Baruch atah, Adonai. Elo---" father was interrupted as boots smashed in out door.

Soldiers pour into the room.

"Thought you could hide from us? Damn Jews." the Nazi officer spat.

"Hiding, no! This is our home!" Father said.

The soldier smacked him to the ground. "Do not back talk your Aryan betters, you disgusting roach!" He said. The soldier then looked at me and my brother.

"Take the brats to the bus, take the old ones out back," he said with a grin to the other soldiers with him.

I remember screaming and running as they forced us out to the awful bus. I heard several gunshots from behind my back. "Why were they doing this to us? We are a peaceful family... we never did anything wrong..."

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The memories are painful. The present though, is even more painful. I look to my friends, Bryson is sitting over in the dirt, he has scant more than rags for clothes... Winter is coming soon... I already feel the chill in the air. We are going to die I realized. We are going to die in this wretched camp.

"Tikvah, meet me tonight behind the old shed." a voice behind me whispers. I look up, it's Noah. We haven't been allowed to see each other since we were caught kissing. I am so excited to hear his voice. I whisper "Okay!" and then hear him scurry off. I'm so excited to see him tonight, it's worth the risk of getting caught out of bed.

### Chapter 3 by Matthew



That night, sneaking out of the dormitory was easier said than done.

Being on top bunk plus a group of ladies who had a tough time sleeping in this hell hole added to the difficulty of the task.

I knew I had to do it, because I wanted to see Noah. I needed to see him. To feel him, just to hear his voice.

I slipped out of the bed, then carefully stepped down the ladder. I was barefoot, so at least I had that working for me. No shoe noises. Great.

I slowly made my way out of the dormitory. When I got out, I ran as fast as I could towards the old shed, where I am standing now.

Where is Noah? He told me he wanted to see me! Maybe I'm early.

I sit down and take a few deep breaths until I hear screams.

Boy screams.

I hear some older-sounding voices shout, then talk, then shout again. I can't completely comprehend their words, but I can hear a few words like "Jew" and "Stupid". I immediately start to panic.

I carefully look around the shed. I can see people in the distance. Two tall men dragging a boy,

who is clearly either knocked out or dead, towards a dark brick building.

I try to see who the boy is until a flash of light catches his face clearly.

Noah's face. Covered in blood.

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